




# Rosemary shortbread cookies



Chaz  
 [cvillette](https://cvillette.livejournal.com/)

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2007-12-23 18:42:00

MOOD: 🌶️ warm

MUSIC: Happy Rhodes - Feed the Fire

It's Christmas eve eve, and I have a *sunburn*. And sand stuck to my toes.

I am the happiest Platypus on earth.

Okay, so this is what I am making for my afternoon houseguest bribe: Rosemary shortbread cookies

I know what you're thinking. Rosemary? Cookies?

Hush up. They're good. Possibly my favorite cookies of all, and I really like cookies.

And they make your kitchen smell like omg.

Shortbread has this reputation, like pie crust, of being really difficult to handle. But really it's not. I mean, okay, I have an advantage, because my hands are cold. But seriously, it's just a matter of being quick and efficient and not messing with it too much.

Okay, so here is the shortbread recipe:

- 3/4 of a pound of unsalted butter, which is to say, three sticks.
- 2/3 cup granulated sugar
- 3 tablespoons fresh rosemary, minced very very fine. Make sure it's dry! Shortbread does not like water.
- 2 2/3 cups white flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt, or, if you are using salted butter, go ahead and cut this by half.

With your mixer, in a bowl, cream together the butter and the sugar. What this means, more or less, is that you let the butter soften a little at room temperature, and then you blend it with the sugar until the mixture takes on a fluffy consistency. A stand mixer is good for this. I guess you could do it by hand if you were a very macho masochist with extremely strong arms. (I do not have a stand mixer, and every time I do this, I can smell the motor in my ancient secondhand hand mixer that I have had since I was an undergrad getting ready to burst into flames, so I have to stop and rest it a couple of times.)

Once the butter and sugar is creamed, mix in the rest of the ingredients.

Cover the bowl and put it in the fridge for at least an hour.

If you have a pastry marble and a marble rolling pin, you could put them in the fridge or another cold place now too, to get cold. If you don't (I don't) you will just have to work faster when the time comes.

Preheat your oven to 375. Line your cookie sheets with parchment paper. The parchment paper is very important! Otherwise, you will wind up with rosemary shortbread cookie *crumbs*.

Take your pastry marble out of the cold place, if you have one. Whatever your work surface is, flour it lightly, and roll the shortbread out on it, about 1/4 of an inch thick. Try to keep the rolled-out shortbread kind of rectangular. It's okay to divide it in half if it's easier to work on smaller portions, and if you do that, you can put the other half back in the fridge to stay cool. Try not to get too much extra flour in it while rolling it out, but it's not like pie crust: you can't make it tough by handling it, because there is no water in it. However, if it gets warm, it becomes impossible to handle, because the butter gets soft. So work fast.

Cut the shortbread into little rectangles (I use a pizza wheel! It works good!) and arrange them about an inch apart on the lined cookie sheets. If you have too many cookies to fit on your cookie sheets, put the remaining ones on other sheets of parchment and put those in the fridge.

Bake the cookies for 8 or 9 minutes, or until just starting to turn golden at the edges. (I like them a little underbaked.) Cool on racks, on the parchment paper, which you can just lift off the

cookie sheet.

If they kind of bleb together while baking, you can just cut them gently apart with the pizza wheel! Magic!

Makes a whole bunch of crisp, savory, unbelievably fragrant cookies. Store in an airtight container at room temperature with parchment between each layer. These are really good with a glass of wine.

Best. Cookies. Ever.

**TAGS:** [recipes](#)



[locked] [Dream Journal](#)

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

[Elvis doesn't live here anymore.](#)

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

[Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.](#)

15 comments



[hawkwing\\_lb](#)

[December 24 2007, 00:30:11 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

You are in Hawaii and you can cook.

I'm so jealous. :P



[cvillette](#)


[December 24 2007, 00:45:54 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I will cook for anybody in a suitably exotic foreign place, as long as they provide plane tickets and crash space!

It's the Chaz Traveling Road Food Show.



 [hawkwing-1b](#)

[December 24 2007, 00:49:37 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

*the Chaz Traveling Road Food Show.*

I'd provide crash space to see that. :P

(Reading that recipe has given me the munchies in a really bad way.)



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[December 24 2007, 00:51:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Maybe I can be a TV chef when I grow up....



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 24 2007, 04:56:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That's a dumb idea.

Not the TV chef part--the growing up.

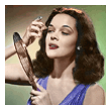


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[December 24 2007, 04:57:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hasn't happened yet. Not holding my breath.

Blue  $\neq$  my color.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 24 2007, 18:09:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

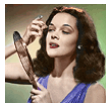
Ignore the Cowboy's example. There are a couple other grownup colors. When/if you need them, I'll tell you what they are.



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[December 24 2007, 18:10:23 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Puce? Chartreuse?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 24 2007, 18:11:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

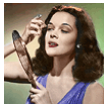
Yah, don't tempt me.



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[December 24 2007, 18:14:12 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hah. I already know you're dying to dress me. I'm curious.



[Ometotchtli](#)

[December 24 2007, 18:10:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, you meant the breath-holding. The Harpy said you weren't really blue, so I didn't think of that. \*g\*



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[December 24 2007, 18:13:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'm never living that one down, am I?

Any other job, a guy nearly dies, he gets sympathy, not a year of ragging for forgetting to breathe...

[beatriceeagle](#)

[December 24 2007, 01:46:36 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You. My sister's apartment. Next Thanksgiving.

You could crash in the. The um. That extra space, in the...

Never mind.



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[December 24 2007, 01:47:38 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'd say you guys could come to DC, but I'd have to bunk you on the roof.

[beatriceeagle](#)

[December 24 2007, 01:52:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hm. November weather, Chaz's cooking. November weather, Chaz's cooking...

Weather wins. Frostbite is no fun.

[locked] [Dream Journal](#)

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